

BILL NYE'S CLEOPATRA.

A FREE AND EASY TRANSLATION OF THEOPHILE GAUTIER'S STORY.

The Bully Good Time That the Fresh Young Man with a Burping Love and a Milk Route Had, but the Ice Cream Got There Just the Same.

[Copyright, 1891, by Edgar W. Nye.] [Translated with considerable recklessness from the French of Theophile Gautier by William Nye, Esq.]

The delicate shrimp pink heel of Cleopatra saluted the quivering flood as she slowly slipped into the pleased and highly delighted waters. About her waist and arms silver and pearl girdles and bracelets clung when the surface of the waters broke over her wonderful figure, and opaline bubbles caught and kissed her dimpled shoulders as the fair queen sizzled about in the rippling tide or shrieked with laughter as she lammed a trusted eunuch in the eye with a hunk of golden mud.



Her wealth of wonderful hair floated out behind her over the water like a magnificent mantle. Cleopatra was regal even when bereft of her royal robes, and those who happened to be riding by on the cars while she was in swimming were forced to admit that even shucked she was still a queen. She swam to and fro, sometimes treading water with her cherubic feet or scooting dog fashion like a beautiful water bug across the pond. Now she would seem to sleep on the surface of the waters like a slumbering lily, and then anon she would rise from her wet environments like a Venus rising to a point of order in the convention at Mount Olympus.

Suddenly Cleopatra utters a sharp and startled cry, as did Diana when surprised by Acton. Through the foliage she had seen the earnest and somewhat admiring eye of a total stranger. It was that of a man who had been watching her from the hotel room; but he does not come get where even a second hand grave with a lock on it would be welcome.

But the room I refer to was an aggravation in another way. I could not get anybody to come when I rang. People whom I did not care to see dropped in every little while, but when I rang nobody came. "Afterward I was told that I had occupied what is called a 'theatrical room.' "We are amused very much," said a hotel clerk the other day, "by a certain kind of actor—the one who plays the smaller parts on the stage, and who tries to manage the universe between times. He generally plays the part of the associate villain, or the death-bed, or the unseated groom, or something like that, and at the hotel he appears as its first mortgagee. Well, we give him a room that has an electric bell wire, but it does not connect with the office. It is attached to the coffee mill in the kitchen, so that when he imagines he is ringing his bell he is really grinding the coffee for breakfast. By some mistake you were supposed to be an actor—though any one who had ever seen you on the stage would know better than that—and so you were given the theatrical room."

And yet the death rate in Austin is very highly spoken of. In 1887 it was fourteen per thousand; in 1888 it was twelve to the thousand, and in 1889 it was only ten. I liked Austin very much indeed. There is no malaria there, and the legislature is restricted by wholesome sanitary regulations, so that Austin is a very healthful and handsome place. The capital building has a fame that is world wide. It is a very handsome building, resembling the Capitol at Washington, but built of a beautiful chocolate colored stone instead of marble.

The latitude of Austin is the same as that of Jacksonville, Fla., and the climate is peculiarly copious even at this season of the year. I was told in Chicago that I would lose fifty pounds while traveling through Texas, as the hotels were exceedingly bad. I have gained eight pounds, and the weight of my excess baggage has also increased while here. I now feel like a new man. I am no longer afflicted with low spirits, dread of a violent death on the scaffold, night sweats, constant craving for food, ringing in the ears, repugnance to work, or moth patches.

The mocking bird is quite common in Austin. It is heard very often in the wild wood putting up a pean at early morn or set of sun. I heard one the other morning that could give a very good imitation of a guinea hen. It was so good that no one could tell the difference. So she might about as well have been a guinea hen, so far as the listener was concerned. We should learn from this to imitate only those who are worthy. Here was a sweet voiced, songster of the woods who could have surprised and delighted every one, but she had prostituted her talents to an ignoble end, and through the long hours seemed content to cack and rattle with the monotonous

and almost like making forty-eight dollars in the street." The queen gave a low laugh as she proceeded with her dressing, now more calmly. "By St. Oms," she said, "Dog of Hell, thou art a foolhardy wretch. You think that with your castron impudence and budding milk route you may win to wife a queen whose fame is good for a column in every Sunday paper from the Congo Basin to Singapore. You should be killed, of course, but I cannot decide yet how to do it. Whether to fry you in the fat of these negligent eunuchs and feed you to my aquarium, or shock you to death with the early humor of France I know not."

"Queen," said the youth, now standing on the other foot awhile, "I deserve to die. Be clement, but let me die. You will find nearly seven dollars' worth of milk tickets in my inside pocket. Take them; they are yours. You can get your milk in that way of my successor free, and milk is quite an item with anybody who keeps as much hired help as you do. Take my life. It is useless to me since I love you and you love me not."

"Well, then," said the queen, as she smilingly shed a mouthful of hairpins, for her smile was wider than she had thought, "you shall have your wish, but first you shall know what it is to have what we call fun. You Alliance people think you have some little pleasure in life, but you do not. You are extraneous, as we say, or not in it. You are my guest for this evening. You die in the morning. You will join me at dinner, will you not? We keep an all night house, and we have some wassail on hand that has never been opened yet. May I count on you?"

"Indeed thou mayst," said the youth, as he went out into the court yard and washed his face in the rain water barrel, and walked for a time in the dewy grass to remove the milk spots from his bespattered boots.

Cleopatra now gave orders to have the banquet hall prepared, and sent away to the village for a fiddler who could also call off. She was cool, yet watchful of her help. She was everywhere ordering victuals cooked, the smell of hot preserves came from the royal kitchen, and one eunuch named Olander, who was a good man, and pointed to himself with pride on account of his singularly pure life in the midst of the corruptions, temptations and fines and costs of a court, was sent to the neighbors for more sauce plates and a two gallon ice cream freezer.

Rare exotics were gathered to beautify the table, and Egyptian hollyhocks were massed with sprigs of asparagus and nice dried grasses at eyether end of the voluptuous table. The new cake basket was on the table with two kinds of cake in it, and everything was arranged without regard to cost.

Cleopatra ordered that a bran new table cloth be used that evening, and also decided to open one of Ben's just celebrated hunting case water crackers. The hall was resplendent with decorations and articles of vertu, one painting being a fruit piece, given, all framed, by

man does his thrashing machine, to buffet the storms of winter and to come up smiling in the spring. The oleander is now in full bloom. Also the cape jasmine, a big, beautiful bloom that just turns itself looser regardless of expense and perfumes a whole county at a time.

Texas, of course, is quite a new state, and often for miles along the road the newly cleared fields are heavily and profusely punctuated with stumps. I never regretted more thoroughly my haste and thoughtlessness in coming away without my stump puller than I have on this trip.

Yesterday, on the Houston and Shreveport road, a man who had boarded the train about an hour before looked out at window just as we were going through a sort of swamp and lost his hat off. It was quite awhile before he could get the train to stop, but it did, and heaven is my judge, the train stopped but the conductor refused to go back after the hat. The man who lost it had to go back and get it himself. It was a miserable old felt hat, with a broad brim and an oily dadd around the crown too. I never saw a cannon ball train stop for such a poor hat.

Business is poor on this road, and so it has to be obliging. It requires over



HER SWEET ANGELIC VOICE.

fourteen hours to run from Houston to Shreveport, and then sometimes you are on the Shreveport bus three hours more. The Shreveport bus is reckoned all over the world to be the toughest method of travel known. The streets of Shreveport have no bottom, and as in many other southern cities, thousands of dollars' worth of bricks, broken stone, gravel and idiosyncrasy are piled on top of this rapacious and hungry mud hole, only to disappear in a month or so, and year after year a hollow chested treasury sobes upon the bogan of a tidpole infested street, while the commercial man, the most dangerous advertiser in the world, damns these wretched roads in every city where he registers, and thus a little ill directed energy damages the fair face of an excellent town.

The bus man showed me where one of his horses would have drowned on the

two strings of pearls as nuts, and a pointed diamond eleven dollars rested on massive skull. As she seated her guest, she clapped her little hand the Egyptian glee club called, "My Glee Tree Car sprang out along the coast rooms, and a concealed front yard, lighted by candles, squirted fully a rod of Huge flames palpitated in the rods of brass; giant candelabras shot their disheveled light in the midst of ardent vapors; the eyes of dark carved, hinges flamed with phosphorescent lig nings; the bull headed idols, breathed flames; the alabaster elephants, in lieu of perfumed water, spouted aloft brim columns of crimson fire; prismatic irises crossed and shattered each other; soft music sensuously stole through, in and out among the potted geraniums, and sifted through the intertwining leaves of the smilax came the low, soft bellowing of the bull burl.

The orgy was now at its height, the dishes of phenicopter's tongue, the liver of scarus fish, the eels, fattened upon the bodies of prominent people and cooked in brine, the dishes of peacocks' brains, tenderloin of terrapin aux fillet, hot Sautein, boars stuffed with living birds, etc., etc., were on the menu.

Wines of all kinds, from the vintage so common at the post keller or the ratz keller to the wines of Crete and of Massici, were served by Asiatic pages, upon whose rich and voluminous flowing hair the beautiful and somewhat flunky Cleopatra wiped the Egyptian gravy from her taper fingers. Her companion also did the same as soon as he got into it, but prior to that he contented himself with utilizing the borrowed vestments of the absent Antony. Yet we should not reproach him now. Treading as he was upon the borders of a yawning grave, but seeing across the groaning board the grinning face of Death, we may forgive him if in an unguarded moment he did things that were outre.

Toward the close of the feast mummery (both dry and extra dry) entertained the young people with song, dance and around. The president of the Cairo and Egyptian central dropped in on his way home from the depot and spoke briefly regarding the tariff, and a local humorist gave a funny little anecdote and took home a cold goose in a newspaper as a reward of his wonderful genius.

Then Cleopatra herself arose. She cast aside her mantle, and stating briefly in a few well chosen words that she could not make a speech, not having been constructed in that way, neither could she sing a song or tell a story, she would, with the consent of the audience, offer a selection from an Egyptian bread down composed by herself and which they might like to hear. While she beautiful queen sashayed up and down to the lascivious pleatings of a lute, a picnic ice cream came in. Cleopatra said she would not chase any, but a rash young man from the Spring Valley Milk farm ate heartily of it.



A WELL POSTED AFRICAN TRAVELER.

—Texas Siftings.

What He Wanted.

"I have come in here, sir," said the angry citizen to the superintendent of the horse car company, "to get justice. Yesterday as my wife was getting on to one of your horse cars, the conductor stepped on her dress and tore off a yard of it."

"Well, sir," calmly replied the superintendent, "I don't know that we are to blame for that. What do you expect us to do, get her a new dress?"

"No, sir, I do not," grimly replied the other, brandishing in his right hand a small piece of cloth. "What I propose to have you do is to help me match this cloth."—Cloak Review.

Jack's Way.

Yes, Jack could do most anything, and do it mighty well. What he knew would fit ten volumes; what he didn't, who could tell?

His temper was angelic and his tongue was always kind. As a fresh and jolly joker his match was hard to find. He buzzed and hustled round and round, and yet 'twas very funny. He never did and never would go in for making money.

Now when it came to farming, he knew exactly why. The crops were light, the prices low, the seasons wet or dry; He often told the village merchant how to run a store. And showed the parson just the way to make the devil sore. 'Twas fine to hear the shrewd advice he was 'forever givin'.

And yet, to save his life, the man could never make a livin'.

The year 'diphthery, scarlet fever and the measles came. He never tired of showin' where the doctors were to blame. And when he talked on teachin', hotel keepin' and the law.

You know'd 'twas all compressed within the compass of his jaw; Of all the men you ever seed he seemed the most despairin'.

Though while he seldom paid a debt, his family was starvin'.

He'd lend the clothes from off his back, then turn around and borrow. But before you got your own returned you'd be both mad and sorry.

'Twas thus he buzzed his way through life, a puzzle and a care. Without a foe, he lived his friends and relatives despair.

And then he told them all and died in peace at seventy-seven.

He made no money here below, but he was in heaven.

—Brown's Parlor in Yankee Blade.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

If I were you and had pink lips for ears, And eyes like violets dipped in dew; Of having my love's love I'd have no fears, If I were you.

If I were you, with such flower like face, And all a flower's own grace to hold it true, I'd keep my heart as flower pure in its place, If I were you.

If I were you and looked to be a queen, I'd keep myself, as though I knew, That what's beneath should equal what is seen.

If I were you.

If I were you, and God had made me fair, So fair that I seemed made to woo; I'd be as gracious as my graces were, If I were you.

If I were you—but no, alas! I see— I could not love you as I do.

Now tell you all I strive to be, If I were you.

—Brooklyn Life.

The Oldest Family.

In matter of antiquity Mohammed must yield precedence to the Chinese philosopher, Confucius, who died 479 years before the Christian era. There is no known race that can boast of an antiquity like his. On the occasion of the death of the Chinese statesman, known in Europe and America as the Marquis Tsang, we learned that his title of nobility was due, not to any connection with Confucius himself, but to his descent from one of the four chief disciples of the great teacher.

There are, however, very numerous living descendants of Confucius; and although he has been dead 2,370 years, superior rank is conceded to them in China solely from their relationship to him. Moreover, when Confucius was born, 550 B. C., his family was already among the most ancient of the empire, and had a recorded history of more than three centuries. Tradition goes still further back, extending the probable duration of the family to little less than 3,000 years.—Chicago Times.

Vespucci's Descendant.

It is rather remarkable that so many men identified with the early history of this continent should have living descendants. Many of us remember the lady who visited New York some years ago who claimed descent from Americus Vespucci, and had a conviction on her mind that the Congress of the United States ought to bestow some kind of pecuniary recognition on the name. Congress was not in a pensioning frame of mind and she returned home no richer than she came.

Her visit, however, led to a close investigation of the career of her ancestor, which resulted in the discovery that the word America originated in a name given by the natives to a portion of the coast which he visited. Nevertheless the lady is believed to have been lineally descended from Americus Vespucci, or rather the person whose name was Latinized into that form.—Chicago Times.

The Page of the Car.

Little Elliott had made a bet with his fellow pages that he would win the Emory Paul's pigtail. The bet was held in respect by the high society of the State lines, and brought to the country as Scotch potatoes. They are con signed by weight and not by measure, and over 7,000 tons of them have been imported since the 1st of December.—E. J. Edwards in Philadelphia Press.

How London Grows.

Some idea of the immense size of London may be gathered from the fact that there were registered during one week 2,780 births and 2,212 deaths. The births were 123 below and the deaths 163 above the average for the last ten years. Here we have people enough born into the world in one week to constitute a "city" in the ambitious phraseology of western English, and enough deaths in a time of profound peace to render memorable a battlefield. But the most striking fact in this table is that not one of all the 2,212 died of smallpox.—London Globe.

Dying of a Parrot's Bite.

Gottlieb Rehm, of Reading, is dangerously ill, the result of a bite received ten days ago from a parrot which he has had many years. The bite was slight, and no attention was paid to it at the time. A few days later Mr. Rehm experienced great pain in the finger, which became greatly inflamed, but became better and the wound was thought to be healing. He had a relapse, and his condition is alarming. He is nearly seventy years of age, and it is believed blood poisoning has set in.—Cor. Philadelphia Times.

The Late Leonard Jerome's three big, pretty daughters, somewhat to his grief, chose Englishmen for husbands. He never acknowledged Lady Randolph Churchill's title, and the first visit he paid her after her marriage he astonished the flunky at the door by asking for "Mrs. Churchill."

Arrangements will be made in Washington for the assembling of the Pan American congress in this country next year. The congress will have one delegate to its senate for each 5,000,000 of people, giving the United States about twelve senatorial representatives.

It is believed that the last census will disclose that nearly, or quite, one-third of the entire population of this nation are twenty-one years of age, or under. This means that we have more than 30,000,000 of minors—youth and children—in this country.

John Stephenson, who built the first American horse car, is more than eighty years old, but still vigorous and energetic. His mind is yet busy with inventions, and he can accomplish as much work in a day as a man many years his junior.

The fastest vessel afloat is said to be the 3,200-ton English built warship intended for the Argentine government. She made 31.9 knots under ordinary conditions, and 23.4 knots with forced draught.

A Young Sailor.

The whaling schooner William A. Grozier, of Provincetown, carries one of the youngest sailors afloat—the captain's son, aged thirteen years, who is now making his seventh voyage, whaling. He goes as assistant mate and navigator. He is regarded as a mascot both by owners and crew, as good luck has followed every trip.—Boston Transcript.

Enoch Is Out.

Wisconsin is to have a law which provides that when a husband disappears and is not heard of for three years by his wife she is divorced without further notice. The Enoch Arden business in that state will thus receive a bad black eye, and the same law goes out to test the dogs will be quite apt to return.—Detroit Free Press.

All for a Slight Error.

The Berlin correspondent of a syndicate of provincial papers is responsible for the following story: "On the occasion of the reassembling of the holy synod in the Russian capital it was resolved to forward to his majesty in accordance with traditional usage, the archiepiscopal benediction. The clerk who was employed to prepare the document formally communicating the pious resolution made a curious mistake. By a slip of the pen he wrote 'archiepiscopal' instead of 'archipastoral,' and the resolution was forwarded without the error being detected.

"When the czar received it he laughed heartily and wrote on the margin, 'I have no need of such a blessing.' He then dismissed the matter from his mind. The document, however, with the imperial annotation, found its way back to the holy synod, and produced among the members of that body the greatest surprise and consternation. Without stopping to investigate the matter the ecclesiastics who were responsible for the resolution jumped to the conclusion that they had in some way or other incurred the czar's displeasure, and that his majesty's comment was an intimation to them that they were expected immediately to resign.

"They accordingly went in a body to the imperial palace and humbly tendered their joint and several resignations. It was now the turn of the czar to be overwhelmed with amazement, and it was only after a good deal of embarrassment and reciprocal explanations that the matter was set right. The interview terminated with a mild hint on the part of his majesty that, even in the records of religious bodies, verbal accuracy is a very desirable quality."

The Time for Pansy Beds.

There's nothing more attractive in the early spring than a pansy bed. In order to secure blossoms early the plants must have attained a proper size under glass. It is necessary, therefore, to sow pansy seed early. Any long wooden box fitted into a sunny window in a moderately cold room, but where it does not freeze, will do for a seedbox. Be sure the earth is rich, well fertilized with thoroughly rotted compost and woodmold, and that it is fine and friable, so the tiny seed can easily thrust down their slender roots in it. Keep the earth moderately moist after sowing the seed, and in a short time the little plants will be up and growing.

It requires some resolution to thin out the greater portion of them in order to give those that are left sufficient room to grow, but this must be done without sparing or all the plants will be weaklings. Very pretty effects can be produced by raising a box of white or nearly white pansies for a border, and a box of mixed, dark, velvety ones for the center of the bed. These quaint, blotched, lovely flowers seem more like living things than any other blossom. "Old ladies" is the German name for them, but the English name of pansy from "our thoughts" has a touch of finer fancy.—New York Tribune.

being drawn in and blown by fifteen feet from the bottom of the well. It is supposed that there must be a large cavern at a distance from the well, and the air comes through a small passage leading from the cavern to the well. No cavern or passage has yet been found, as the well is walled up, and the air comes through the rocks in the well.—Utsalady (Ore.) News.

Bogus Cream.

A lady who resides in the west end relates today the strange confession of a milkman. For some time past she had suspected that the cream left at her house was diluted. Although it had plenty of foam on top it did not seem to be equal in quality to good milk. She determined to interrogate the milkman, and so she watched for him. When he came she informed him of her suspicion. At first he insisted that the cream was as good as any sold, but when she persisted in her statement that she had drank country milk that was far better he weakened and said:

"Can you keep a secret, mum? Well, to tell you the truth, mum, the cream you got is not cream at all. The foam that is on top is made from the white of eggs, and is put there to make you believe you are getting the genuine article. But you are right in suspecting that you ain't, mum. It's nothing but a delusion—and maybe you might say a shame too. But I don't know. Most people never find out the difference, and as long as they don't know as how they are being fooled, why, what's the odds?"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Analogous.

"Uncle George," said Mattie, "papa says you were a private in the army. Is that something very grand?"

"No, Mattie, not exactly grand," answered Uncle George, with beaming modesty; "not grand, but a post of great responsibility. Mr. Halford is private secretary to President Harrison, and you know that is a position of distinction. Well, I was a private in the army. Do you see, my dear?"—Boston Transcript.

A Young Sailor.

The whaling schooner William A. Grozier, of Provincetown, carries one of the youngest sailors afloat—the captain's son, aged thirteen years, who is now making his seventh voyage, whaling. He goes as assistant mate and navigator. He is regarded as a mascot both by owners and crew, as good luck has followed every trip.—Boston Transcript.

Enoch Is Out.

Wisconsin is to have a law which provides that when a husband disappears and is not heard of for three years by his wife she is divorced without further notice. The Enoch Arden business in that state will thus receive a bad black eye, and the same law goes out to test the dogs will be quite apt to return.—Detroit Free Press.

Bloomfield, Mon and New York Express

OFFICES: 80 Cortlandt St., New York. J. G. Crane & Son, Montreal. Dadd's Livery Stables, New York. Pianos and Furniture. FREIGHT HAULED TO AND DEPOTS. Telephone 24 Bloomfield. All orders left at our offices will receive prompt attention. Patronage Solicited.

THOMAS FLANNERY PROPRIETORS.

GEO. W. WATSON

Harness Makers

No. 21 Broad Street. Second door below Post Office. SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO REPAIRING.

W. L. TOWER

DEALER IN

Flour, Feed, Grain

HAY and STRAW.

No. 550 Bloomfield Ave.

where will be found a superior grade of goods at the lowest market price.

W. L. TOWER

DEALER IN

Flour, Feed, Grain

HAY and STRAW.

No. 550 Bloomfield Ave.

where will be found a superior grade of goods at the lowest market price.

E. B. BUDD,

Boarding, Livery, Sale & Exchange

Stables,

33 Washington St.

Fine Carriage Horses for Sale.

Carriages at all hours.

Orders Promptly Attended to.

FURNITURE MOVED.

Telephone No 72.

JOHN N. DELHAGEN

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

Hand-Made Harness

NO. 10 BROAD STREET.

Whips, Robes, Chamoles, Sponges, Rubber Goods, Driving Gloves, and all kinds of Horse Equipments. Harness and Trunks neatly repaired.

Full Stock of TRUNKS AND SATCHELS at Lowest New York Prices.